

L O V E

A T

F I R S T S I G H T :

V O L. III.

L O V E

A T

F I R S T



V O L U M E

L O V E
A T
F I R S T S I G H T :
O R T H E
H I S T O R Y
O F

Miss Caroline Stanhope.

IN THREE VOLUMS.

VOL. III.

L O N D O N.

Printed for T. JONES, at the Circulating-Library
in the Strand opposite Hungerford-Street.

MDCCLXXIII.

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F I R S T S I G H T
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O F

Mrs. C. Stanhope.
IN THE
LUMS.



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LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT. I

L O V E.

A T

F I R S T S I G H T.

LETTER the Thirty-second.

Mifs. S T A N H O P E.

T O

Lady C A R E Y.

WELL my dear, every bodies
affairs, except mine, are in
a prosperous way—we are all
joy and gaiety here, our little
Vol. III. B Charlotte

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Charlotte is out of her wits with the happy prospect that awaits her : the thoughts of being reconciled to her mother, has given her new life, her sentiments are too delicate, her heart too full of tenderness, ever to have been perfectly happy, while under her displeasure, especially as the offence was such, that she was never wholly reconciled to herself, she has a thousand times condemned her conduct to me, but still pleaded the attractions of her amiable Charles hoping that would, in a great measure excuse, her taking a step, she

she could not otherwise justify,—
'tis to Mr. Compton they are in-
debted for this reconciliation,
would you believe it, my dear, that
the very man who has suffered
so much on her account, is the
person who has brought about
this happy event,—I told you
I believe he had a dangerous fever,
—during that time I presume
he had made some serious reflec-
tions—a sick bed is of all things
in life the most likely to promote
them.

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He was now convinced that to marry a woman who had so plainly declared her aversion to him, was the height of folly, but to carry her off from the man of her choice at the hazard of his life, as he had done, was madness, —the more he considered the matter, the clearer it appeared to him in this sensible light, he blessed his stars that he had failed in rendering himself a husband on such preposterous terms, saw with shame the cruelty of his design, admired the bravery of her lover which had been so conspicuously display-

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT. 5

displayed in his *rencontré* with the highwaymen, and in fine, vowed if he lived, he would use his utmost endeavours to prevail on Mrs. Danby, not only to pardon her daughters indiscretion, of which he confessed himself the cause, but to receive her with open arms,—these were his meditations while confined to a sick bed, he was no sooner able to leave it, then he wrote to Mrs. Danby on the subject, his arguments had due weight, she saw they had all been to blame, mother, daughter, and lover,—she promised a favour-

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able answer to their petition, when it arrived, which she made no doubt it would, according to the example of all those who had taken the same step,—they wrote—all penitence and so forth,—she kept her promise and thus ends the wonderful adventures of Charles Stanhope Esq; and the beautiful Miss Danby,—they are now reduced by this condescension to mere man and wife,—the end of all Novels,—not all indeed, some go upon a more tragical plan,—that fate is perhaps reserved for me, though if I am any judge of my own abilities

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT. 7

bilities, I shall make no figure as a weeping beauty.

In consequence of this agreeable intelligence, which arrived in the packet I mentioned at the end of my last, we now begin to talk of bidding adieu to our good friends in Edinburgh; indeed our stay has been much longer than we at first intended, but we have met with so many civilities, so many agreeable amusements, that time has flown with uncommon rapidity. —Poor Harry! why cannot I repay that tenderness, that obliging affi-

B 4 [duity,

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duity, in the manner you wish—as for my Laird of M'Knab—that vile name distresses me, 'tis utterly impossible to render any one sentence in the least degree pathetic or tender, where it is obliged to be introduced—here, for instance, I wished to say a few soft things about that adorable creature, but how is it possible, unless I could prevail upon him to be new christened—he swears like a hero he will follow me to the worlds end, nor shall any upstart English knight, though rich as Cræffus, rob him of that elegant sprig of beauty, which he is determined

mined shall be engrafted in to the M'Knab's geneological tree at Caithness, there to bud and blossom to the latest posterity—don't you think I shall be very nobly disposed of, when perched on one of its honourable branches.

Miss Maxwell's have agreed to meet us at York next races, and from thence, if we are so inclined, will proceed with us either to Harrogate or Scarborough—I have promised for you and my Lord, so let him prepare to fulfil the engagement, but not in the manner he did

the Scotch expedition, another such disappointment, and he is out of my books.

So my beloved aunt is actually transformed from a modern fine lady, to a follower of Whitfield—'tis vulgar to wonder at any thing, as Harry Maxwell says—yet this is very like a kind of wonder nevertheless, how, in all the world has the change been brought about. I do not recollect that she had any acquaintance or connections in that way—be it as it will—I am not sorry for it, better any religion than
none,

none, allowing this, she has made choice of to be erroneous, which I am nevertheless assured is not the case—their greatest fault I believe is, that they are apt to tell disagreeable truths—many of their followers, I am sensible, they have rendered either miserable or ridiculous, but I am also persuaded they have by their preaching, brought thousands to the knowledge of the truth, and to a sense of religion, who, without their assistance, would in all probability have gone on in a course of wickedness, curiosity carries many to hear them, who would

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never think of entering any other church—this, I presume, has been my aunt's first motive.—Yes, as you say, Catherine will be highly delighted, should the fit continue—which by the way I cannot think it will—she was too much attached to the good things of this life, to give them up so easily.

Adieu, I have a thousand engagements upon my hands, more I fear than I shall be able to dispatch before I depart. I am now going with half a hundred belles and beaux, to take such a walk, to the top of Arthur's

thur's feat, a hill of such an immense height, that it's lofty summit seems to touch the very sky—up this hill have I agreed to climb, by way of air and exercise, I think it is likely to afford me a competent share of both, and that I shall, when I return, be able to give you some account of what our friends are doing in the upper regions, for I am positive we shall have a peep into their airy mansions—should this be the case, I will, that I may be of some use in my day and generation, write a sentimental journey to the moon. I see no reason why
it

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it should not produce, at least as many extraordinary incidents, as that of Yorick's, through Italy—in the evening we are to have a private ball at home, which in general are the most agreeable.

I blush at my ingratitude to my friend Conway, I have now, however, told her so in an epistle almost as long as this, which I trust will fully reinstate me in her ladyship's good graces.

Farewell, my best respects to your *lordly* Lord, whom I love most sincerely,

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT. 15

sincerely, though we need not make him more saucy than he is already, by telling him so—the male creatures with all their wisdom are easily spoiled.

Your's

C. STANHOPE.

LET-

LETTER the Thirty-third.

From Lady CAREY

T O

Miss STANHOPE

FIFTY to one but you have
left Edinburgh before this ar-
rives—I must write, however, at a
venture, for I have a piece of news
to

to treat you with, that I hope will amuse, if not amaze you—yet what could the poor girl do.

Your friend Kate, my dear, has followed the lead, and accompanied by Captain Brooks of the guards, is marched off to Scotland—the mother raves in a most unchristian like manner, in spite of methodists, and piously swears they shall both starve, unless they can live without her assistance.—What renders her more outrageous than she would otherwise be perhaps, is this; since you left town, she
has

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has had propofals for her hopeful daughter, from a person of no fmall confequence—do you remember a gouty old creature, that ufed to fquabble fo delightfully at quadrille—his name Sir Jofeph Turner, that's the man.

Sir Jofeph being, I prefume, a little low in cash, for gouty as he is, I'm told he is a mere gambler, very fagacioufly confidered that Mifs was an only child, though none of the moft pleafing or dutiful, that her mother could, and no doubt would give her a confiderable fortune.

tune, they had on many occasions shewn their eager desire to acquire the animating title of ladyship, he had, 'tis true, no violent desire towards matrimony, but an insatiable one after money.

Put all these together—he offered to take her for better for worse, on condition the dowager would handsomely gild the bitter pill—the bargain was soon struck—Miss was acquainted with the felicity awaiting her, and ordered to prepare with thankfulness to receive it.

Kate

Kate without ceremony, replied, if she thought him so desirable an object, he was much at her service, for her part she had no idea of throwing herself away on such an animal.

Many fruitless words passed on the important subject—madam was positive—so was miss—the former was at length so immoderately provoked by the impertinence and obstinacy of the latter, that she flounced out of her apartment, where the altercation had passed, locked the door, put the key in her pocket, vowing

vowing she should never come out from thence, 'till she consented to become Lady Turner.

She was mistaken, nevertheless, for finding her mother absolutely bent upon the match, she found means to acquaint her noble Captain with her deplorable situation—he took the hint, procured a chaise and four, and Catharine having by a golden key unlocked her prison, flew to the protection of her hero, who, in a few hours whisked her off for Scotland.

They

They are just returned—have wrote to the enraged mother, not doubting, I presume, but they were to meet with the same treatment, many had before received on similar occasions—a little chiding in the first place, then pardon and reconciliation—but no such matter—she continues implacable—and in all probability will continue so to the end—I own I wish she may, she deserves no better—'tis the opinion of most people, she will, in pure revenge, follow her daughters advice, and take the old man herself.

What

What do you think of this history, my dear, is it not amusing, I always thought our friend Catharine would end her adventures in some such way, what will become of them, should madam keep her word, heaven knows, for to my certain knowledge the youth has not fixpence in the world, besides his commission; and is, I make no doubt over head and ears in debt, nay I am clear in it, for what else could induce him to run off with such a termagant---he hoped by the help of her fortune to get out of that irksome scrape, and for the
future

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future to live at his ease---had she been handsome, their difficulties might easily have been removed, she had only to turn *modern wife*, cast her eyes on some more suitable object, get divorced, and thus end the matter at once, to the satisfaction of all parties---but alas, she is not the kind of being for such fashionable redress.

No news yet of our fugitive---perhaps you have by this time met with him, if not I am persuaded you will one time or other, he is not out of the kingdom---but I forgot,

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT. 25

get, he is out of your good graces, which is much the same thing.

Farewell, remember you are now two letters in my debt, this is a voluntary——my Lord joins his orders to mine, for your immediate return to London——disobey us at your peril.

C. CAREY.

P. S. I long to know the result of Charles's submission to his fair one's mother—I trust your next,
C which

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which I expect to night, will bring
me happy accounts of that impor-
tant matter,

LET-

LETTER the Thirty-fourth.

MISS STANHOPE,

T O

Lady CAREY.

Positively this same taking leave
of agreeable friends is the
most painful operation in life,—
would to heaven it were well over,

C 2

and

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and we fifty miles on our journey homewards, 'tis really too much for one of my sensibility, I could almost regret our having met with so much polite obliging attention, and so many proofs of friendship and esteem from this amiable family, the idea that we may perhaps never meet again is painful to the last degree, yet it will intrude itself, and is in fact but too probable ; we have nevertheless formed a thousand agreeable schemes, which all depend on our not only meeting once again, but frequently, and from which we promise ourselves

ourselves much pleasure, 'tis certain I see nothing at present likely to disconcert our plan, but is there any thing in this life we can, or ought to depend upon as certain,——I think experience has pretty clearly taught *me* this truth, —you and I my dear, some time ago, thought a certain event on the very point of being accomplished, it appeared to us in so prosperous a train as to bid defiance to accidents of whatever nature,——yet *Caroline* you see the noble edifice we had built, and fancied so secure, had its foundation

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dation only in the air,—I am in a wonderfully sage and moralizing humour you must know, and had I time, could say a number of exceeding wise and edifying things, but be thankful I have not a moment to spare, for this laudable purpose, I only sat down to tell you, that next Monday we are positively to bid adieu to this land of hospitality.

The arguments that have been used to dissuade us from our purpose, would fill a volume,—it is fixed nevertheless, and we are all
at

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT. 31

at present in the affettuoso stile,
—O what pain it is to part, is
echoed from every corner of the
house in the most plaintive ac-
cents,—appropo my dear, I am
in raptures with many of the Scotch
songs,—and Harry has taught me
to sing them with taste, his voice
is manly, and harmonious to the
last degree, were you to hear him
sing,

Hear me ye nymphs and every swain,——
I'll tell how Peggy grieves me,
While thus I languish and complain,
Alas she neer believes me

As I have a thousand times heard him, you would have been charmed, the present situation of his heart has diffused such a softness, so much tenderness into all he says and does, that is really touching beyond expression,—can I leave a creature so amiable, without feeling for that distress, which he perpetually declares my cruelty has occasioned, impossible,—were my heart at liberty, I am persuaded I should have given it to this engaging insinuating Harry, out of mere compassion, for however unaccountable it may seem, 'tis certain

tain, in spite of his innumerable pleasing attractions, compassion is the only sensation, he has been able to excite in my breast, as an amiable brother I esteem, and am solicitous for his happiness, but I have never been able to look upon him in any other light, —had my heart I say been at liberty, (which I ought, had I one spark of pride to blush when I confess it is not,) when first I become acquainted with him it must have been touched by his tender assiduity,——

C 5 How
LET-

How did I wish for you the day we made the heroic attempt to reach the top of Arthurs seat, there were half a hundred of us, and to my shame be it spoken, every female except my noble self went up with as much ease, as I should do to your dressing room, even the delicate Charlotte made nothing of it,—for my part, after resting fifty times, I got about half way there, absolutely out of breath, I threw myself down, and gave up in the enterprize, while my companions tripping up with the utmost agility were every moment
looking

looking back at me, amazed at my English laziness, and assuring me if I would but follow them, I should be more and more delighted with the prospect, every step I advanced—but in vain were all these arguments—there I sat unable to stir one step farther—Harry at my feet, terrified to death, lest I should be injured by the fatigue I had already suffered.

I was finely rallied you may suppose, when they came down from the clouds, nor did they fail to exaggerate the amazing pleasure they

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had received, as a reward for their labour—this served as chit chat till we got home, where eight or ten dined with us—in the evening we had a most agreeable dance of twenty couple, all select friends—about eleven we sat down to an elegant supper—that over, singing was proposed—none of our English stiffness and formality on these occasions here, no ridiculous apologies of cold and hoarseness, they have more of the easy manners of the French, than ever we shall acquire, though we study them so much—but 'tis natural to them, to us it is
not

not—our genius, our dispositions are extremely different.

I'll leave it for others to declare who has the preference—a number of delightful plaintive airs were sung, accompanied by various instruments.

My charming master assured me in raptures, that I performed a *merveille*—when tired of this, we again returned to the ball room, and continued dancing till five o'clock in the morning.

Farewell,

• Farewell, my dear Lady Carey—we are not yet fully determined whether we shall proceed directly to London, or as I mentioned once before, go to Bath for a week or ten days. I fancy the latter will be our plan, as we are, at all events, to pay our respects *en passant*, to Mrs. Danby, whose seat is in that part of the world.

But to end in the same strain in which I begun—there is nothing certain in this world, so I will not pretend to tell you where we may be, when next you hear from me; but wherever I am, you may de-
pend

pend upon having that honour, soon
as I am unalterably yours,

C. STANHOPE.

P. S. I was just going to seal this
epistle, when your last was brought
me, with the news of Catharine's
trip to Scotland—why the girl was
surely mad, to think of throwing
herself away in the manner she has
done, by marrying this boy—what
can she expect, but the utmost mi-
sery and wretchedness, one cannot
doubt but his chief inducement was
the hopes of enjoying her fortune ;
her personal attractions are none of
the

the most striking, and for her mind
—but peace be to them—is not that
the very essence of charity, Caro-
line, all things considered.

Let me hear how they go on,
in case we do not return so soon as I
expect—'tis not in my nature to bear
resentment, 'tis a painful sensation—
yet she has certainly been my great-
est, nay I would hope my only ene-
my. And had I wished it, I could
not, I think, have been more am-
ply revenged, than by this impru-
dent frolic, for surely misery to her,
must be the consequence, whether
her

her mother continues inflexible or not—'tis not in the power of riches to insure felicity, though I grant it a necessary ingredient, but not the principal—this fracas will, I fancy, a good deal disconcert my aunts *methodical* plan, it will require most powerful preaching, to allay her present indignation—'tis certainly mortifying to have all her views of grandeur and ambition thus destroyed, by the very person on whose account they were formed,

Adieu.

LETTER the Thirty-fifth.

Miss STANHOPE.

T O

Miss CONWAY.

YOU are a good girl, Harriot—you did me but justice in believing neither time, place, or absence, could weaken my sincere

sincere attachment. I have unavoidably, for some time past, been a less punctual correspondent, than I used to be—you have been informed, however, though not directly from myself, of all my manœuvres—some of them have been pretty extraordinary, but I hope I shall from henceforth proceed in the ordinary course, like other sober mortals.

I write this from Belmont, the seat of Mrs. Danby, a noble old mansion, quite an antique, though in perfect repair, and elegantly furnished

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nished in every part ; the situation romantic, as rocks, woods, and water can make it—for my part I am enchanted with its various beauties, though this is not the season to shew them to advantage—in summer it must be a perfect paradise.

As we drew near this delightful spot, we were seized with violent palpitations, and so forth—we I say, for though I had no hand in the plot, yet I was too tenderly attached to those who had not to sympathise in their feelings. Charles, indeed, soon conquered his emotions

tions—but poor Charlotte's courage so entirely forsook her, when we came in sight of the castle, that 'twas with difficulty we could keep life in her—we stopped the carriage awhile, that she might rally her scattered spirits—what with his soothing caresses, salts, eau de luce, &c. &c. she acquired a tolerable share of confidence—we drove on—and to shorten the story, (for I hate describing these kind of scenes, since 'tis not in my power to do them justice,) Mrs. Danby received her trembling fugitive with open arms, embraced Charles and my Ladyship

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Ladyship with much cordiality—and by her gracious smiles and obliging behaviour, very soon dissipated all those disagreeable sensations we had, during the latter part of our journey, been tormented with, and we are now as happy a party as this world ever produced.

And are you really so very very happy, as all that comes to, cries my friend Harriot, at this period of my history—poor Sir Harry then is actually forgot.—Why my good friend, would you, by so impertinent

tinent a question, thus interrupt
 the thread of my discourse--am I
 really and truly this amazingly hap-
 py creature.—Lord blefs me
 child, what an out of the way
 question, why yes, to beſure I am
 —why not you know, Sir Harry is
 no longer any thing to me, and if
 he was, what is that to the purpoſe,
 he is not here to diſturb our tran-
 quility.—I hope you are ſatiſfied
 with my answer, I'm ſure 'tis ex-
 ceedingly clear and explicit—be-
 ſides, if you had ſuffered me to go
 on, I was going to tell you, that I
 am fallen in love with ſomebody
 elſe,

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else, and therefore 'tis full time he should be actually forgot—'tis true indeed, my dear, and what is better still, somebody else has fallen in love with me.

Pho, Harry Maxwell, cries Harriot—no—you must guess again, that's an old story, this spick and span new—what think of Squire Compton, the generous Compton, to whom we are indebted for our present felicity,—for 'tis certain his intercession had no small weight with Mrs. Danby, I am the only woman in the world that can make
up

up to him the loss of the fair Charlotte—never were two more opposite characters nevertheless, but love is all madness and folly, somebody says, I forget who—and I begin to be of the same opinion—while the honest man was an obstacle to my brother's felicity, I took it for granted he must be a mere Hotentot.

Now the face of affairs is changed, he turns out a very tolerable kind of being, and I begin to admire his gallantry, in pursuing his mistress with so much spirit, tho'

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I confess I admire still more his good sense, in giving her up, when convinced her affections were other-ways engaged—you'll perhaps observe here, that he did not give her up, for that your friend Charles took her from him by force—True my dear, but his behaviour since is a proof to me that he would have done so, rather than have seen her miserable—in fine his hour of reformation was not come, when he commenced knight errant, but overtook him on the road, and he is

is at present a wonderful good kind of man, and a perfect judge of merit.

We have now been here a week, all which time, except the first day or two, has been one continued scene of paying and receiving visits—as Mrs. Danby is one of the first people in the county, she has, you may suppose, a numerous acquaintance.

Charles also, whose regiment is quartered within a few miles of Bellmont, by which means he first saw his beloved, has had half a

D 2 hundred

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hundred smart beaus to call upon him, in order to congratulate him on his good fortune—all his brother red coats have been here, and many of them, I give you my word, are most *monstrously* handsome—no wonder the old folks are, in general averse to letting them into their houses, they are certainly dangerous kind of creatures where there are handsome, (and rich) daughters—for my part, I freely own myself so much of the female, as to have a very great partiality for a red coat—they have, in general, something so easy, so graceful, so *dega-*
gee

geé in their manner, that there is no resisting their attractions.

The Colonel, who has long been a violent favourite of mine, though not in the *very* bloom of life, being ont he brink of threescore, insists upon giving a ball at his quarters, in honour of his friend Charles, who has been under his care from a boy——we have accordingly received polite cards of invitation for next Tuesday, I am persuaded we shall have a joyous party——alas ! alas ! you cry a second time, poor Sir Harry Grey is now indeed in a

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charming situation—I tell you Harriot, he no longer retains the faintest idea of your friend, am I not right then, to endeavour to forget him—how do I know that you ask—how do I know it, my dear, what proof would you require were the case your own.

'Tis now absolutely an age since our *fraces* happened, have I ever heard one word, either from him or of him—yet reflection was to show him his error, and to convince him how grossly I was injured by his unjust suspicions.

No,

No, my dear, I saw from the first, our attachment was at an end, he has no doubt, long e'er this, met with some new object, whose superior attractions have entirely banished the remembrance of mine from his memory.

To you, Harriot, I will confess this idea does not give me *quite* so much satisfaction as I could wish--- lively as you think me, I am terribly afraid my heart is made to love *but once*—it has loved once, Harriot, so that affair is over, 'tis proper I should now look out for some other amusement.

Farewell my dear, I am not perhaps the happiest creature in the world, but can I be quite unhappy, while a witness to the supreme felicity of my beloved Charles and his charming wife, impossible---Adieu.

Your's

C. STANHOPE.

LET-

LETTER the Thirty-sixth.

From the same to the same,

THE thing was impossible, my dear, so no more chiding—I have not had a moment to spare for writing, this age---you must

D 5 positively

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positively excuse me, without farther ceremony, since I am the worst hand at an apology that ever made an attempt—never was there such a life of dissipation as we lead here, 'tis absolutely worse than London—the house full of company from morning till night, and night too, indeed, for that matter.

Our ball at ****, was most elegant, the company brilliant, belles handsome——beaux enchanting—Charlotte, the queen of the assembly, was a perfect divinity, in my life I never beheld so lovely, so delicate
a figure ;

a figure ; I wish to do it, yet cannot take the trouble to describe her dress.—It was really superb, an immense quantity of diamonds—*my beauty scorns* the aid of borrowed ornaments, and is—when unadorned—adorned the most.—

Do you believe, Harriot, I dressed according to that maxim—no verily—'tis a sentiment that makes a very good figure in print, or when repeated with a graceful and proper emphasis ; but take my word for it, not one beauty in ten thousand, can, with safety, put it in practice—a

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pretty quaker I'll answer for it, would be still prettier, if dressed like one of us——'tis all a joke.——

The ball was opened by the Colonel and the sparkling Charlotte—he dances a minuet like an angel, an old one I mean—seriously I never saw one performed with more grace—I figured with Major Stanley, a most admirable figure, tall, well made, fine eyes, fine teeth, fine hair, with an everlasting fund of small talk—he had been in the course of his perigrinations, quartered in Scotland, consequently
had

had acquired some knowledge of their lively manner of dancing, we had reels therefore and strathspeys, in which I made a most conspicuous figure here, though but so in Edinburgh, there wanted only this to complete poor Squire Compton's destruction—he is now a lost man, to all intents and purposes.

That I may do no more mischief in this part of the world, we are on the point to bid it adieu—Mrs. Danby has agreed to accompany her daughter to Bath, for a fortnight or three weeks—as Charlotte never was
there,

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there, though but fifty miles from Bellmont, but I find she had been a good deal confined while a girl— See what it is to be an heiress, my dear, they do not enjoy half the pleasure that we unportioned damsels meet with, no fear of our being run away with.

Ah, cry ye, mercy, I forgot, my friend Sir Thomas—however, there is no rule without exception, there are few such disinterested knights as him to be met with,
another

another adventure like mine may not happen again this age.

We have wrote to secure lodgings, and are to set off in a few days for that delightful place, to me the most so of any place in England, you know I was always partial to it—from thence we go on for London, (Mrs. Danby returns home) stay there the rest of the winter, then whisk back again to Bellmont, where we have promised to spend the summer—this Harriot is our plan, how do you like it, there is only one thing wanting to render it complete,

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complete, what that is I'll leave
you to guess.

Adieu—we have half a hundred
people to dine with us, and I am
yet to dress—my next will, I fan-
cy, be from Bath.

Your's,

C. STANHOPE.

LET-

LETTER the Thirty-third.

From Miss STANHOPE.

T O

Lady CAREY.

O Heavens Caroline! my dear
Caroline, I have actually seen
Sir Harry Grey,—he is here, here
at Bath, and I have seen him,—

O

66 LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

O! Lady Carey, all my pride my resentment is vanished, what shall I say? I am ashamed of my weakness, but he is ill, visibly ill,—Ah! could I see him pale, languid—his fine eyes no longer sparkling with that enchanting vivacity, that used to render them so irresistably engaging—could I behold him thus, and not pity him?—impossible,—Caroline he is dying, and I am lost for ever,—

We arrived here last Thursday, by my desire we are on the south Parade, Mrs Danby would have gone

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gone to the new Buildings,—but I own myself partial to the old, an immense crowd of company, every house *more* than filled,—— we have already met with a thousand acquaintances, but what are they all to me,—

The morning after our arrival, impatient to see who and who were together, Charlotte and I rose by eight o'clock, and accompanied by Charles, set off to the pump room, —but ah ! Caroline, who can conceive my astonishment, or the various

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rious emotions with which my heart was agitated, when the first object that struck my sight, was Sir Harry, he was that moment drinking a glass of water, which happily for me prevented his observing us,—I thought I should have died, there was something so extremely affecting in the languour and dejection, but too visible in his amiable countenance, and the dreadful idea of his being ill, that I could not stand it,—we had scarce got three steps into the room, it was excessively crowded, —I begged we might immediately
return.

return home, I took hold of Charles's arm, but my feet were unable to support me, he put me into a chair, more dead than alive, I am still in that condition,—nor do I wish to recover,—ah! to what purpose, since I have lost his heart, he no longer thinks me worthy of it,—he is ill, Caroline, and perhaps I am the fatal cause,—can I then wish to live,—'tis now near a week since this fatal interview, fatal to my peace, I have never since been out of my apartment,—the shock was too much, had I seen him in health, though
paying

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paying that attention to another, which once constituted my chief felicity, I could have born it with fortitude, my pride would have supported me, but to see him ill Caroline,—ah! my heart bleeds for him, my imagination is terrified with a thousand apprehensions, should he really be in danger,—Lady Carey I cannot support that dreadful idea,—I have not the courage to go again into public, I dread a second meeting, yet would give the world to see him, that I may judge from his looks whether he is better.—My good
Mrs.

Mrs. Danby, her amiable Charlotte, and my dear Charles, have shewn the most engaging attention for me during my confinement, nothing can be more tender than their behaviour, but they continually press me to conquer my timidity, 'tis impossible I should forever remain a prisoner, why not take courage at once, and know the worst,—they indeed in order to console me, persuade me to believe impossibilities,—no, —he no longer thinks me worthy of his esteem,—that thought distroys my peace,—I will endeavour

your

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your to oblige them however,—
whatever it costs me, I will obey
them, they insist on my going
to the rooms to morrow,—heavens,
what a trial! adieu.—

C STANHOPE.

LET-

LETTER the Thirty-eighth.

Miss STANHOPE.

T O

Lady CAREY.

THE trial is over, Caroline, and I am completely wretched,—I have wept myself almost blind,——ah! can I ever
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cease to weep, who have so much cause for sorrow,—had he left me for another, had he been inconstant, had I any thing to reproach him with, what a soothing consolation would it be to my tortured heart, but to know him possessed of every desirable perfection, yet to know him lost to me for ever, say my dear friend, is it in nature to bear a shock like this without repining.—

Trembling, dying with ten thousand fears, I dressed for the rooms,
—I begged we might not go
early,

early, wishing the company to be engaged in their various amusements, that we might be the less observed—with beating heart, scarce able to breath, I followed Mrs. Danby, holding by Charlotte's arm country dances were begun,—we were immediately surrounded by half a hundred Beaus each soliciting the honor of our hand, you my believe I was in no humour to grant their request, Charlotte on my account refused also,—we took two or three turns, I scarce daring to lift my eyes, lest I should see the only object on which they

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could nevertheless look with pleasure,—not finding him there, I began to breathe with more freedom, my emotions began to subside,——from the ball room, we went to the card room,——how shall I proceed, my dear Caroline? how prevail on myself to write the killing, the heart-rending shock I met with there,——we found several of our acquaintance engaged at Quadrille, we amused ourselves some moments with looking over the tables, then advanced to the upper end of the room, seeing two or three vacant seats,
in

in order to sit down,—we had not been seated five minutes, when behold Sir Harry walking directly to the place where we were, think what were my emotions at that moment, but 'tis impossible to conceive them, I felt myself grow cold as ice, my heart beat with painful violence—I almost ceased to breath,—at length his eyes met mine,—he made a full stop,—gazed at me, as if doubting his senses,—seemed inclined to advance—took one step for this purpose, then stopped again, turned pale as death, clasped his hands in appa-

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rent agony, gave a deep sigh, uttering something, which I could not hear, then casting up his languid lovely eyes to heaven, turned hastily from us, and instantly left the room,—all this passed in less than a moment,—’twas too much for my before agitated spirits,—I sunk back in my chair, deprived of sense and motion,—a crowd gathered about me, every one offering their assistance, in order to restore me to life,—and eagerly enquiring what had occasioned my swoon,—I had lately been ill, was the answer, and the heat of
the

the rooms they fancied had overcome me,—this passed very well, happily for me the real cause of my fainting had not been perceived by a single creature,—by their obliging assiduity, I soon recovered,—when having with difficulty expressed my gratitude for their civility, and attention, I was conveyed home in a situation of mind, no language can describe or imagination conceive,—never while I live, shall I forget my beloved Charles's anxiety, his tender concern for my distress,—it was not without the greatest difficulty I

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could prevail upon him to look upon the affair in a just light, he insisted upon it, Sir Harry had used me ill,—had he persisted in this mistaken opinion, heaven only knows what might have been the fatal consequence,—but when his first emotions begun to subside, he listened to me with more attention and I had the good fortune to convince him he was wrong.—

Now my dearest friend, tell me what I have to hope for in this life,—after reading the above, can you wonder I should pronounce myself

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self the most wretched being on earth;—ah! Caroline, did I not tell you I was born to be unhappy? did I not also tell you, that you were deceived, and that my enemies had accomplished my undoing,—most effectually have they accomplished it, farewell my dear Lady Carey, may you be happy whatever is the fate of your miserable.

C. STANHOPE.

LET-

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LETTER the Thirty-ninth.

Same to the same.

HOW could you serve me
so, my dear Lady Carey—
how could you suffer me to be sur-
prized in the manner I have just
been

been—don't pretend to deny it—I know to whom I am indebted for my present——felicity——yes, let me freely acknowledge, I am, from being the most completely wretched creature breathing, transformed into the most happy——yet I repeat it I cannot, happy, supremely happy as I am, I cannot forgive your sly proceedings——ah ! never, never while I live, shall I forget the emotions, let me call them the delightful emotions, into which I have, by your means been thrown—my heart still flutters, when talking of the unexpected, the tender

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der scene—tender, affecting! beyond expression——ah! it was too much, you forgot, my dear Caroline, that my spirits were not in a condition to bear such tumultuous joy—I was not prepared for it, and it quite overpowered me—indeed, indeed, my kind friend, I behaved exceedingly ill, I am conscious, that even my amiable Harry, partial as he is to your Caroline, must have thought me a weak creature.

Why—why, I say, did you thus suffer me to expose myself—but I thought him dying, Lady Carey—
I had

I had seen the sad, the melancholy change which illness had wrought on his engaging countenance, my foolish heart was softened by his distress—will not this excuse me? Who could behold the amiable Sir Harry Grey, with looks so dejected, so sweetly persuasive, kneeling, pleading with angel eloquence to be forgiven—who could behold him thus, I say, and not be moved?—Indeed, Caroline, it was not in nature.—Thus have I seen the charming penitent, thus at my feet have I seen him, in broken melting accents, suing to be forgiven—

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given—my heart is not of adamant—there needs no more—yet, Caroline, had I known, would you believe it, my dear, he is not near so ill, as my simple heart had fancied him—had I known that, I say—but it was such a flurry, such, such a——in short 'tis past—I have been a very, very silly creature, and what is worse, cannot for my life repent with sincerity.

I refused to be of the party this morning, all the world are at the rooms, Lord B. gives a public breakfast, I had suffered too much
there

there a few days before—I insisted, however, that Charles and his Charlotte should go, their absence would look particular.

I also, with much difficulty, prevailed on Mrs. Danby to accompany them, it was but for a few hours, a book would amuse me till their return, indeed I was ill, exceedingly so, ever since that fatal night—could I, my heart distressed with ten thousand painful reflections, engage in scenes of gaiety—ah, no, 'twas impossible—they reluctantly left me.

I had

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I had taken up Julia Mandeville, and was just got to the most moving part of that elegantly told story—had thrown the book on the table in order to indulge my tears, which fell from my eyes in abundance, while reading the distressing scene, my head reclined on my hand, when the door opened, and the same instant Sir Harry, pale and dejected, was at my feet—I gave a loud scream, started from my seat, but unable to move, sunk down again, and must have fallen to the ground had he not caught me in his arms—O Sir Harry, why,
why

why would you thus surprize me—
 I could utter no more, my head
 sunk on his breast.—I lost all
 sense and motion—heaven knows
 how long I continued in this con-
 dition, but when I recovered, I
 found myself pressed to his heart,
 his fine eyes gazing on me with un-
 utterable tenderness, looks expres-
 sing ten thousand anxious fears——
 I would have withdrawn myself
 from his incircling arms—“ I am
 “ wretched then,” exclaimed he,
 finding I endeavoured to disengage
 myself, “ I have sinned beyond
 “ forgiveness—’tis certain then, my
 “ Caroline

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“ Caroline has given me up to
“ death.”

“ Ah, my G—d,” continued he,
tears glistening in his lovely eyes,
“ my doom is fixed—but have I
“ not deserved it—have I not in-
“ jured, basely injured the most
“ perfect, the most adorable of
“ women—ah, let me die then,
“ without repining, and thereby,
“ if possible, in some measure
“ atone for my unparalleled folly.”

He still held me to his breast,
with unutterable fondness——what
could

could I do, Lady Carey, what would you have done in such a case? Could I resign to death a creature so amiable, so penitent, so insinuatingly engaging.

Ah Caroline, Caroline, I fear he knew his power, I fear he did not so terribly dread my severity as he would have made me believe—if resolved to die, why did he not leave me in order to put his threats into execution——on the contrary, he held me, as if determined even death itself should not divide us.

I had

I had but just prevailed upon him to be a little more composed, by promising to hear his defence without prejudice---he still, however, holding both my hands pressed between his, when my friends entered the room—happily for me they came alone—you, Caroline, had made him so well acquainted with them, all, by your sly epistle, that he wanted little introduction--indeed he waited for none; but rising and advancing towards them with an air so respectful, yet so easy, so extremely graceful, that it was impossible not to be prejudiced in

in his favour before he opened his lips---he paid his respects to each, then turning to me, who by the way looked exceedingly silly on the occasion---“to that lady,” said he, with engaging softness in his voice, “am I come, the humblest sup-
 “plicant that ever approached the
 “throne of beauty; I have con-
 “fessed my crimes, I am a sincere
 “penitent; dare I flatter myself,
 “that in you ladies,” turning to Mrs. Danby and the delighted Charlotte, “I shall have the good
 “fortune to find advocates in my
 “cause---you Captain Stanhope,”
 taking

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taking my brother's hand with the most engaging air imaginable, "you
" have known what it is to be a
" lover, you may, perhaps, be
" able to judge in some measure
" what I suffered while per-
" suaded——"

" O perfectly" cried Charles interrupting him with an obliging smile,—
" let us forget the past,
" I see by Carolines eyes you have
" already pretty well cleared your-
" self in her opinion, and I give
" you my honour, I pay so much
" deference to her judgment, that
de-

“ if she signs your pardon, I will
 “ with pleasure add my name to
 “ the deed”——” and I” said Char-
 lotte “ am too good a wife, not
 “ to follow with pleasure, the ex-
 “ ample of my husband,—you may
 “ depend on all my influence, Sir
 “ Harry, and *that* I flatter myself,
 “ is not a little, our Caroline is
 “ a good girl,” continued she with
 sweet vivacity, “ and perfectly
 “ knows how to distinguish merit,
 “ you will not therefore be surpris-
 “ ed, when we have the pleasure of
 “ being acquainted, to find *I* have
 “ the felicity to enjoy a considerable
 “ share

share of her friendship,"—'Twas now Mrs. Danby's turn to make *her* speech,—but I thought proper to put an end to the dialogue, by desiring they would entertain us with an account of their morning's diversion,—they obeyed, and the conversation soon became general Sir Harry found I wished it to continue so, for the rest of that visit,—having obtained Mrs. Danby's permission to wait upon her the next morning at breakfast, he took his leave,—and here am I, lady Carey, still flurried to death, not half satisfied with my behaviour in this piece of business

finess,—tell me truly, do'nt you think I ought to have shown more resentment,—it was that vile book that had so intolerable softened me,—I'll try what I can do to mend the matter at our next meeting,—he shall then find I have resumed my former dignity,—at breakfast to-morrow he shall find me quite a different creature.—

What now!—a note from him as I live, and he has not been gone an hour.—Lost again Caroline,—this foolish heart of mine, will not suffer me to act with be-

F

coming

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coming spirit, it still retains the affecting idea of his melancholy dejection,—'tis all in vain my dear friend, resentment is out of the question,—he is master of my heart —all its emotions, whether of pleasure or pain, depend on him alone.

Cannot exist without seeing me till to-morrow,—he finds himself exceedingly ill,—Ah! the fly creature, he saw it was his supposed indisposition that ruined me,—no fear of his speedy recovery,—will I condescend to meet him at the
rooms

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rooms this evening,—very ill to be sure,—that's excellent,—has ten thousand things to say to me, which he forgot this morning &c. &c. This, Lady Carey, is the purport of his *Billet doux*—I must, just to keep him alive,—return him a few lines,—farewell my amiable friend,—do you believe me when I threaten never to forgive you,—Ah! Caroline, you are better acquainted with the extent both of my love and friendship,

Yours,

C. STANHOPE.

F 2

LET-

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LETTER the Fortieth.

From the same to the same.

THIS man is positively ruined
Caroline, by my silly behaviour, see what is to give them
the smallest encouragement,—they
immedi-

immediately forget themselves and become the most troublesome creatures breathing,—to tell you the truth, I believe I was imprudent enough to say some foolish things in my answer to his note,—a person cannot be always on their guard,—as to the rooms, I had no longer a pretence to absent myself,—Charlotte, therefore would take no denial,—I am not obliged to confess whether I obeyed with or without reluctance,—I now, for the first time since my arrival, sat down to my toilet with some degree of pleasure,—I arose

from it tolerably satisfied with my appearance,—Charlotte looked angelic,—away we went,—with what different emotions did I now enter the ball room, to those I felt the last time I was there,—Sir Harry dressed like,—but you lady Carey, have seen and confessed him the most elegant figure in the world,—so did every female eye in the room,—it might be called my first appearance,—the night before we but just looked in,—I was taken out to dance a minuet,—whether by chance, heaven knows, but my lovely Harry was the
man

man appointed to figure with me—to tell you the truth, I believe he whispered a word or two in Capt. W's.—ear,—a genteel man, Caroline, and as master of the ceremonies, seems to give general satisfaction,—the loss of poor Nash however will never be fully supplied,—he was born for the employment,—now shall I tell you the eyes of the whole assembly were upon us,—that a thousand flattering encomiums flew in half whispers round the room,—that the men were all in an uproar,—the women in palpitations,—while

we, like Venus and Adonis, were swimming away with grace, ease and dignity,—not deigning to cast a glance on the insignificant crowd, our whole ambition being to charm each other,—or shall I merely tell you, I danced my first with him my second with a Sir Robert B—— a most pleasing agreeable man, with whose engaging countenance I was struck the moment I entered the room,—he is not young, but still exceedingly handsome, tall, well made, an agreeable face, a smile that is irresistible, and the finest teeth, *one* set excepted, I ever saw,

saw,—I do not very well know why I have drawn this picture, unless because his figure pleased me better than any there, or perhaps being more at ease, my natural liveliness is returned, and I am inclined to *badiner* a little—but whatever my disposition, be assured I am always my dearest lady Carey's affectionate.

C. STANHOPE.

F. 5.

LET-

LETTER the Forty-first.

From Miss STANHOPE

T O

Lady CAREY

LORD bless me, Caroline,
I am almost weak enough to
pity that poor wretch Kitty Smith,
(Mrs. Brooks I should say) though
I know

I know she richly deserves the fate she has met with—Heavens! that all her haughty pride and ambition should come to this.

Such a letter as I have this morning received from her—think Caroline, what this humiliating condescension must have cost her---that she should write to me, of all people in the world—Ah, what stronger proof can she give, that she has not a friend in the world—would you believe it, my dear, I was actually weak enough to shed tears, while reading the horrid ac-

count she gives of her situation, yet horrid as it is, I find no remorse, no sorrow, for the imprudent step she has taken ! not a word of this, on the contrary, 'tis filled with very improper, and indeed unjust reflections on her mother's cruelty, —What has she done, but what hundreds have done before her ? It is not her fault that she is reduced to this misery—ought a parent, who has it so amply in her power to prevent it, to see her child, her only child reduced to absolute want —has she not a natural right to share her fortune ? Where is her mighty crime ?

crime? She has married a gentleman, she had no idea of his being a beggar, which she now, to her cost, finds is the case, nay worse if possible, over head and ears in debt, no longer daring to appear abroad, so numerous are his creditors, who have vowed he shall die in a jail.

Again, she rails at her hard hearted mother, adding, she may thank herself for all that has happened—why insist on her marrying that vile old fellow—but for this she might still have been happy, which now she never can, since she
 detests

NO LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

detests the very sight of her husband, for having deceived her ; nor is he, she continues, in a much better disposition towards her, finding his hopes so miserably disappointed by her mothers cruel inflexibility.—This, my dear, is the substance of her letter, nor should I have guessed why I was favoured with it, had she not in a postscript informed me, she wrote to beg I would condescend to try my influence on Lady Stanhope, and in the mean time relieve her present distress, by *lending* her ten or twelve guineas,—Think, I say, what
what

what a spirit, haughty as hers ever was, must have suffered, e'er it could bend to this.—'Twas easy to comply with the latter part of her request, but interceding with her mother I am not so fond of.—How can I vindicate her conduct? How set her imprudence in a favourable light—nay, were it in my power, does she deserve such an act of friendship? 'Tis true, she never injured me, but has she not been the cause of infinite trouble to my dearest friend—do we not know her to be an ungenerous low minded creature, capable of any baseness to gratify

gratify either her pride or revenge.
 —I must endeavour to forget her bad qualities, or I fear all my stock of charity will not be sufficient to carry me through the task I have undertaken, for I am almost ashamed to own it, I did make a kind of promise that I would speak to Lady Stanhope—yet what have I to hope, if natural affection does not effectually plead her cause——is it possible any arguments I can offer, should be more successful——we are taught, however, to return good for evil, let us endeavour

your

your then to comply with this divine admonition.

Farewell Caroline, I need not wish you happiness—Sir Harry is, I presume, at this moment fighting at your feet, and vowing a thousand ridiculous things, which you, I suppose, are silly enough to look upon as gospel.—I have had my silly days too child, but they are over, and I have now the wisdom to know half the creatures say is mere apocrapha, not but my good man is as orthodox, as most of his sex—he rejoices in your felicity most unfeignedly,

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unfeignedly, and charges me to tell you he will indulge you in no coquetish airs, no perverse delays, merely to show your power, but insists upon your giving your fair hand to his friend, with a good grace, that is to say immediately, if you have any objections to being fettered at Bath, leave it instantly, repair to London, and by that means give my honest man and me a holiday, by allowing us to figure with you on the joyous occasion—nay you are positively a holiday in my debt, for was it not to gratify a whim of yours that I consented to
be

be publickly exposed—you cannot deny this charge, so pray Caroline, remember the precept, do as you would be done by, or rather as you *was* done by.

Adieu—I am going to Lady Stanhope's, though I despair of success, and what is worse, now the first emotions of compassion are a little worn of—I fear I am not very deeply interested in the matter.—Ah, Caroline, how very short lived are our fits of piety. I have actually sat chatting with you 'till it is quite vanished—I must give
her

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her letter another reading, the woe
be gone epistle may revive my cha-
rity.

Adieu,

C. CAREY.

LET-

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LETTER the Forty-second.

From the same to the same,

DEUCE take that foolish
creature, for plaguing me
with her misery and distress, and
all her melancholy matters—what
had

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had I to do either with them or her. Caroline, had I known how I was to have been affected by that old woman, I would sooner have gone to Jericho—here have I been weeping and wailing again, 'till my eyes are actually frights.

Heaven knows what's come to her, but 'tis certain she is methodised with a witness, no longer the same creature—do not mistake me, however, for be it known she is grown rational, talks with some degree of understanding, perhaps a dash of what the world calls canting,

ing but that's a trifle, the woman's way of thinking is improved most miraculously, but in the way of acting, in regard to her daughter, I mean, inflexibly the same as formerly,—to tell you the truth, I do not fully comprehend the reasons she gave for this same inflexibility,—she wept, and appeared in such distress while talking on the subject, that she did not make the affair at all clear to me,—“Ah! Lady Carey,” cried she, in a perfect agony, “you little know the cause of my apparent cruelty, you little know the care, the anxiety
it

it has cost me to form plans of felicity, for that ungrateful girl, O heavens! what have I not done to promote her interest,—Lady Carey you know not what I have done,—Would to heaven even I could forget it, yet ought I,—alas, alas, what could I expect, 'tis the just reward of——” Here she stopped, wept again, and I, unable to comprehend one word of her meaning, very cordially wept also to keep her company,—

“ Lady Carey,” resumed she, after a pause, “ I must not listen to your
generous

generous pleadings—I cannot, dare not, however inclined,—I have no right to assist her,—ah ! I have too long gratified her boundless wishes—she has nothing to expect from me,—assure her, lady Carey, if you condescend to see the unhappy creature, tell her, I have done too much, far too much for her already,—perhaps affliction may bring her to a just sense of her follies, in that case she will have reason to look upon it as a blessing.

In short, Caroline, my visit answered no earthly purpose, but to

spoil my eyes,—in my life I never was more affected,—but there is a mysteriousness in all she says, which I cannot comprehend, something seems labouring in her mind, what it is, heaven knows, I may be mistaken indeed, perhaps the part of her behaviour that puzzles me, and which I found so unintelligible, may be merely the effects of Methodism, for, to tell you the truth, I am not much acquainted with its wonderful workings, but have most marvellous accounts of it from those who pretend to be better informed;

ed; though between ourselves, I do not believe one half of them.

What will become of the poor imprudent creature, heaven knows, brought up in affluence, how will she be able to support life, thus reduced to absolute want,—her unfortunate wretch of a husband too, become her aversion, as being the cause of all her misery, yet this match in the eye of the world is to be looked upon, as the effects of most violent love,—see what it is to judge by appearance,—I cannot say I was ever at a loss

to guess *his* motive, that soft passion, I am firmly persuaded, had no hand in the plot on his side of the question,——nor am I quite clear that she has much to lay to 'its charge herself,——I shall send her an account of my ill success,——seeing her can answer no good purpose, nay 'tis not probable she would consent to such an interview,——when do you come to town,——my lord is exceedingly angry with you, for detaining his friend Sir Harry,——and desires, if you are determined to end the winter at Bath yourself, you will not oblige him

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him to stay there also, but send him off to London immediately, he hopes you *can* have no objections to this very *reasonable* request, farewell,—let me hear from you, and if this Sir Harry does not monopolize your whole stock, both of love and friendship, name the day of your return.

Yours,

C. CAREY.

LETTER the Forty-third.

Lady STANHOPE,

T O

Miss STANHOPE.

IN what an odious despicable
light am I now going to appear
—but it is a sacrifice I owe to hea-
ven and you.—O Miss Stanhope,
may

may you never, by fatal experience, know the agonizing pangs, that at this humiliating moment torment my guilty, but I trust I may also add, my penitent, my repenting heart.

Yes, madam, let me with shame confess, I have indeed been a very guilty, a very wretched creature—I have injured you, Miss Stanhope, injured you and your worthy brother, but thank heaven 'tis not yet too late to repair your wrongs, and they shall be repaired to the utmost.

With what horror do I now look back on my past guilty conduct—I trust my sincere repentance has found acceptance at the throne of mercy—in order to enrich an ungrateful unworthy child, vainly believing that wealth, however unjustly acquired, must insure felicity—have I been guilty of the basest treachery?—Ah, let me with tears confess I have met a just reward.

O Miss Stanhope, how shall I acknowledge the horrid truth—I have no right, no title to the fortune I now possess—'tis your brother's

ther's—'tis yours — spare me the mortifying particulars. — Come and receive those deeds which I have too long secreted—come and accept all the reparation in my power to give.——O my poor ill fated child, 'tis no longer in thy guilty mother's power to relieve thy wants—she is herself a beggar.——

The only will left by your late uncle, is that made in favour of you and your brother, before his marriage with me—I brought him no fortune—I had no right to demand a settlement, yet he always promised I should be generously pro-

vided for—that I might depend upon his making another will, wherein I should be remembered as his wife. I am persuaded this was his design, but to my sorrow, it was delayed from day to day, and a sudden death at length put it out of his power to fulfil his generous promise.

With shame and grief I now confess I had not courage to withstand the temptation, the horrors of poverty overcame any faint scruples I might feel---my daughter too unprovided---all these combined---
what

what shall I say---a will appeared---
 noble, generous---you yourselves,
 did not suppose me capable of such
 baseness, nor once suspected the
 unpardonable fraud, though it de-
 stroyed all your justly founded ex-
 pectations---believe me, Miss
 Stanhope, it is not in nature to en-
 joy with any degree of tranquility,
 a fortune, however splendid, acquir-
 ed by such horrid means, the most
 hardened heart must have some
 painful moments, some reflections
 that cannot fail to imbitter their
 happiest hours---many, many have
 I been tormented with, but am-

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bition, the love of pleasure, falsely so called, the desire to see my daughter raised to some distinguished rank in life---let me add to all these, the unconquerable shame of acknowledging my guilt, were too strongly rooted in my heart---this daughter, providence has (for good and wise reasons, I am fully persuaded) thought fit to appoint, as a means to shew me the error of my ways---while reflecting on her imprudent conduct; her extreme ingratitude to a mother, who had done so much, in order to secure her felicity---I was also led to make
some

some heart-felt reflections on my own---in time of affliction our sentiments will ever be found the most just---we then see the world and all its vanities in its true light.---The step my imprudent daughter has taken, was a severe blow to my peace; "was it for this ungrateful creature," cried I, "that I am become this guilty wretch---ah, she is not worthy such a sacrifice" ---let me restore to the generous owners, that fortune, I so unjustly withhold from them---she is no longer worthy of it, had I even a lawful right to bestow

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“ stow it on her.” — Heaven was graciously pleased to impress this design on my heart, nor suffered me to enjoy one moment’s peace, till I had made this humiliating confession — Tis done, and now for the first time in my life I can truly say, I know by happy experience, the unspeakable felicity of a mind at ease — poverty no longer appears that formidable evil I so lately thought — I feel that a conscience, void of offence towards God and towards man, is a treasure infinitely greater than all the riches in the universe,

verse, this invaluable treasure will soon, I trust, be mine — then let poverty, let disgrace, let every earthly evil come, I am prepared to meet them, I have a divine promise, a promise on which I know I may safely rely, that I shall be enabled to bear them all. — Come then, madam, and take possession of your right — without a murmur I resign it, and have so high an opinion of your generous sentiments, that I am persuaded, great as my crime has been, you will spare me those reproaches I

“ so

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so justly merit.—I am with sincere wishes for your felicity, both in this life and that to come.”

Your most obedient servant.

M. STANHOPE.

LET-

LETTER the Forty-fourth.

Miss STANHOPE.

T O

Lady CAREY.

O Heavens! my dear Lady Carey, what an astonishing letter have I received from my Aunt Stanhope, 'tis impossible to conceive
the

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the consternation into which it has thrown us. I am still so exceedingly flurried with the unexpected discovery, that I am hardly able to hold my pen.—My dear Charles, is no less so than myself.—Well might her behaviour to you appear mysterious, well might you, from her unconnected broken sentences, be induced to fancy she had something on her spirits, she was unwilling to reveal.

Would you believe it, Caroline, she had indeed a load of such an enormous weight, that I am amazed
how

how she could so long with any degree of tranquillity exist under its burden.

I inclose you a copy of her interesting letter, the original we must preserve with care. It is by far, the most important packet I ever was favoured with, since first I enjoyed the correspondence of my friends—read it, lady Carey, and then figure to yourself, my consternation, while perusing the extraordinary contents.

We were at dinner when it was delivered to me, no company but
Sir

Sir Harry, who is become in a manner one of our family.—I opened it therefore without ceremony, I had not read half a dozen lines, till my countenance evidently discovered it contained some interesting news. Every eye was now fixed upon me.—“ My God, exclaimed I, as I went on, what am I to think of this ?” They were alarmed,—there is no describing my emotions, surprize, joy, horror, pity,—my heart throbbed to such an excess, that it was even painful.—I burst into tears—and giving Charles the letter, hastily
put

put my handkerchief to my eyes and left the table.

Sir Harry was half distracted with his fears, and repeatedly begged to know what had so deeply affected me,—I could not speak,—the humiliating confession, as they justly called it, made my heart bleed for her—the idea of what a woman of her pride must have suffered before she could bring herself to such a resolution, left no room for resentment, pity, and compassion, for her situation, alone engrossed me. —I was happy, perfectly happy before

fore—the unexpected fortune at that moment made no impression on me. I could reflect on nothing but the misery I conceived her to be then in—the servants were ordered to take away—they were no sooner withdrawn, than Charles, whose amazement, you may suppose, was at least as great as mine, without answering one of the thousand questions repeatedly asked ; desired they would all resume their places, and he would gratify their curiosity at once, by reading the letter to them.

The

The surprize now became general—tis impossible, to tell you all the consternation that passed on the occasion, nor indeed is it necessary, pretty much much like that I presume, that will pass between my lord and you—now Caroline, cannot I, for my life, find in my heart to rejoice at this event, with any very extraordinary joy.—One can *but* be happy, what does it signify, whether it is with five, or with ten thousand a year,—upon my life I would not on my own account, give a single pinch of snuff for the difference.—True my dear you cry,
but

but then you know one has it in their power to do so many noble, so many generous actions when in affluent circumstance.

But pray tell me, lady Carey, does our inclination to do those noble acts, always encrease with our income, the more riches we possess, the more are certainly required of us. I am so fully persuaded of this, that to tell you the truth, I am not desperately fond of the charge, lest I should not properly fulfill the duties of it—I am but ill qualified, I fear, to be a good steward, 'tis a trouble-

troublesome office, and I hate trouble most heartily.

I do not believe I shall ever again experience half the joy I have hitherto done, on the acquisition of a new gown, or any other well chosen fashionable ornament, one cannot, in fact, be said to have one's wishes gratified, when one has nothing left to wish for.

“ Do you comprehend my meaning, not clearly I believe, but 'tis no matter,—to give you an instance.”—Before I was sure of Sir
 VOL. III. H Harry,

Harry, what anxiety, what a multitude of wishes have I experienced on his account,—now I have got him, I do not care a fig for him, *entre nous*, Caroline, I don't think this has made the point in question one jot clearer than it was before—what think you?

“ —I'll tell you what I think,” replies lady Carey. “ I think my friend Miss Caroline Stanhope, has just uttered a violent fib.—“Thank your ladyship, I love sincerity at my heart,”—you may now expect to see us in town in a few days, it will

will be in vain to assert we had formed that resolution before this grand event, in consequence of my lord's orders. You'll not have the grace to believe it I suppose, so I may as well say nothing about it.—*A-pro-pos, de grace.*—What think you now of Methodism? — never more let it be said in our hearing, that its doctrines are pernicious, &c. &c.—I am fully persuaded, 'tis to that same doctrine, we are indebted for our present good fortune,—I am not clear whether it is not incumbent upon me to build

a new chapel on the occasion.——
 Miss Maxwell, in a letter I had from
 her last week, tells me Lady ——,
 seems in a fair way to have as many
 in and about Edinburgh, as there
 are houses,—she never sees a vacant
 spot of ground, but up pops a cha-
 pel.

This Sir Harry, about whom we
 have heretofore made such a fuss, is
 actually the most troublesome crea-
 ture I ever met with, do you know,
 Caroline, he is now at my elbow
 teasing me to death to finish my
 epistle, and having, like an imper-
 tinent,

tinient, as he is, by chance cast his eye upon the word chapel, he positively insists from *that circumstance*, and the quantity I have wrote, that I have been composing a sermon for the farther edification of my aunt.

You have only him to blame, that I do not treat you with another page or two, the scribbling fit is upon me, and when that is the case—you are exceedingly glad I am so lucky as to be interrupted—this you would have said, Caroline,—I have saved you the trouble.

150 LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

Why how the deuce can I finish,
if you won't let go my hand.—I
vow these men are the greatest
plagues in nature,—there, there,
are you satisfied—he vows I shall
not add a single line, except to
assure you, I am—he would have
had it—*we are*—but 'tis not yet
come to that.—So, as I was saying, I
am very sincerely

Yours,

C. STANHOPE.

P. S. Send

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT. 151

P. S. Send the inclosed to Miss Conway, when you have read it, I hate repetitions either in writing or conversation—save me that trouble—adieu.

H 4

LET-

LETTER the Forty-fifth.

Sir HARRY GREY

T O

GEORGE DASHWOOD, Esq.

WELL George, my adventures seem now drawing to a conclusion, so you may be preparing the promised epithelamium, and

and also a wedding garment, for I expect the honour of your worship's company this day month, in St. James's Square.—On that blessed day, George, if that jilt Fortune, by another of her cursed vagaries, does not a second time dash the cup from my lip, I shall taste (what some insipid souls assert, does not exist in this wicked world, a position I flatly deny) perfect felicity——yes, George, and not only taste, but have the delicious banquet insured to me for life.

H 5

My

My adorable Caroline, who has cost me so many days of sorrow, infinitely more than I once believed in the power of any female, though “fairer than youthful poets fancy when they love.” That identical angel, whom I have in one of my epistles to thee, so copiously abused, as the most faithless of her sex——that faultless——what shall I call her——woman let it be---for after all, George, 'tis women we would have them, let us call them what we please——that lovely woman then, with her engaging sweetness, blushing like the morn, consented
to

to complete my felicity on that auspicious day.

My health is perfectly restored, and I am once more myself---never, were I to live a thousand years, which I could heartily pray I might, on condition my Caroline was to be indulged with as long a lease---never, I say, shall I forget my feelings, when I saw her seated in the card room, at Bath ; more beautiful, if possible, than before she reduced me to despair---nothing could equal them, except those I experienced, while with astonish-

ment, extacy, shame, and confusion of face---I perused Lady Carey's heavenly epistle, by which I was restored to my long lost senses——but I have already told you all these matters, let me now give you an account of some others, of no less extraordinary nature.

Charles Stanhope has just received a trifling present from an old woman, an aunt of his—only an estate of clear two thousand a year——she has very piously confessed, being seized with a qualm of conscience, that the will by which she has for
many

many years enjoyed this said fortune, was of her ladyship's own composing.

I was dining with my beloved, when a letter arrived from the fair penitent, containing the particulars of this strange affair—it threw them all, you may believe, into the greatest consternation—'tis true, they had from their infancy been brought up in expectation of enjoying it at their uncle's death, as he had no children of his own, and they were the next heirs; it was not, indeed, entailed on the family—
they

they were therefore the less, though abundantly shocked and surprised, to find, when he died, that he had left every farthing of it to this woman and her daughter by a former husband—every body cried out upon the poor deceased uncle, who it now appears had no hand in the plot.

But I am tired of writing—you shall hear all the turnings and windings of the story—when we meet, if you have any curiosity—in the mean time, suffice it to say, my friend Charles, and a fine fellow

low he is, as any in England, has now as fine a fortune—my adorable too, has ten thousand pounds—but this I give you my honour—I need not proceed with that speech, you know my contempt for money, I had more than enough before to satisfy any reasonable man, however, we shall find use for it—this old woman's penitence must not go unrewarded, and her hopeful daughter too, who has thrown herself away upon a poor d——l, not worth a shilling in the world---she must not starve, though she has amply deserved that fate—they have
fallen

fallen into generous hands, for there does not exist two more noble spirited creatures than Charles Stanhope and his——no let me say *my* Caroline——I ought in justice, to include his gentle Charlotte, who next to my adorable, is the loveliest girl I ever beheld——so as I now was saying, George, you may begin to rub up your rhiming faculty, for I expect to have my nuptials celebrated in heroic verse, what say you to the following lines to set off with :

Now

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT. 161

Now Harry Grey
Has Stanhope wed,
And blythe as May
They're gone to bed.

Faith, I think nothing can be better, they are short and pithy, and I give you my word contain the sum and substance of all the felicity, I either desire or expect on earth---read them with attention, and you'll find all you can say, though an old established poet will not be more to the purpose.

Don't forget this day month---
'tis a thousand ages---but imagination

tion must, till that happy moment, supply the place of reality.

Farewell, I see my adorable tripping along the parade---heavens, what grace in her steps, what elegance, what ease, what an enchanting figure---all the fellows are devouring her with their eyes as she passes, but she is mine, that bewitching form is mine.——Adieu, I fly to my charmer on the wings of love---this day month George.

Your's

H. G.

-LET-

LETTER the Forty-sixth.

Miss STANHOPE.

T O

Miss CONWAY.

HAVE you recovered your
astonishment, Harriot,—'tis as
much as I can say, I give you my
word,—would you believe it my
dear,

dear, I actually dread the thoughts of my interview, with that poor unhappy woman,—I dread her humiliation, I have not the smallest desire to see her mortified,—you and I, Harriot, have frequently thought there must have been some transactions of this horrid nature, in regard to my uncle's, affairs,—but though almost firmly persuaded of it, I looked upon it as without redress, little dreaming we should, on the contrary, recover our right by a voluntary confession.

Un-

Unjust as the poor woman has been, yet she certainly has great merit in this unexpected discovery,—it must have cost her many severe struggles,—her daughter, I fancy, very sincerely wishes those struggles had been attended with less success,—her ruin must appear to her inevitable, for to whom but her mother can she apply for relief.—

I have wrote to my aunt,—
I wished Charles would have taken the disagreeable task off my hands, but as the letter on the occasion was to me, he thought
I had

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I had better answer it myself, I hope I did it in a manner as little mortifying as the subject would bear.——

We leave Bath next Thursday, and would you believe it Harriot,—or rather would you doubt it,——in a week or ten days after that I have vowed,—to vow again,—and what is worse, infinitely worse, in my opinion, for a few vows made without bustle or half a thousand witnesses, one might make shift to go through,—but I am got into such a scrape, my dear,

dear, that I look forward to that same day with terror,—I shall never have courage to be made a public spectacle of,—on any other occasion, as public as you please,—but in that, ah!—positively the more I think of it, the more formidable it appears.—

You remember, it was by my interest, that lady Carey exhibited in public, when she commenced wife,—she promised then to be amply revenged when my turn came,—she is delighted with the thought, and vows she will keep
it

it with a witness,---ah! with half a hundred I fear,---in vain have I implored Sir Harry, to interceed for me,—even his eloquence, which I, Harriot, have found irresistible, has no effect on her,—she is quite hardened, and fully determined to expose me,---had I not been the heroine of such a notable adventure, the thing would not have been so bad,--but now, every eye will be upon me, as if I had thereby undergone a total transformation,---one must be a most extraordinary creature,---having been engaged in such extraordinary exploits.

Well

Well my dear, since it must be so, let us endeavour to do the thing with a good grace,---let us put the best face we can upon a bad matter,---in order to this, Harriot, pack up your all, and set off immediately for the metropolis,—no excuses child,—the thing is resolved, ---I want your sage advice, in at least ten thousand odd matters,---I have not a head for such an inundation of business,—I shall be overwhelmed—stunned—talked to death with mantua-makers, milliners, &c.

You must at all events come to town, to take part of this trouble off my hands,—you need make no preparations for yourself, Harriot,—for you have not, I hope, forgot a promise we made, while at school together, that whichever of us played the fool first, should decorate the other for the occasion,—I remember none of the important transactions of those happy days more perfectly,—how very early in life does this same matrimony become the subject of our meditations,—the important event ~~even~~,—and our affairs settled with
my

my miserable,—yet rather let me say, my happy aunt,—for surely, though poverty were to be her future portion, with all it's horrors, 'tis infinitely preferable to her former state of affluence, while conscious of the manner that affluence was acquired,—I need hardly tell you, Harriot, my dear Charles means to act by her, with his accustomed generosity.

Those affairs settled,—I say, we have more than half determined to go for a month or six weeks

to the German Spa,—lord and lady Carey, Charles and his Charlotte, a friend of mine, Harriot Conway, are to form our party,—how do you approve the set, my dear,—my amiable Sir Harry proposed the jaunt, justly believing it would give me pleasure, but I agreed to it the more readily, being persuaded it would be of service to him,—I told you he was ill when I met him first here.—

Ah! Harriot, my dear Harriot, I shall never forget my feelings at that moment,—my foolish heart
however

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT. 173

however made me think him a thousand times worse than he really was, yet ill he had been, he confessed, and I fear that illness was occasioned by our unfortunate *fracas*,—now I saw this excursion, though he assures me, and indeed I hope he is perfectly recovered will yet I trust farther confirm this delightful assurance,—we mean to return to England about the beginning of May.—

Farewell!—to-morrow we give a public breakfast by way of taking leave, 'twill be a bustle, though

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an agreeable one, not I hope attended with so much disasters as that celebrated in the Bath Guide, how often has that truly humourous performance occurred to me since I came here, the description of the bathing is inimitable,—'tis certainly to the spectators the most ridiculous scene in life, the poor creatures make such horrid, such helpless figures, while floating about in that immense caldron, as he calls it, the steam of the hot water, rendering them almost invisible, so much so, however, that beauty and deformity are there upon

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT. 175

upon a par, the halt, the maimed
the blind, men women and chil-
dren all stew in this sociable ca-
pacious kettle together, nor is it
easy to distinguish one from the other
through the *comfortable* cloud,—
once more adieu, I take no excuse,
so as I said before, pack up and
set off brim full of congratulations
for your

C. STANHOPE.

I 4

LET-

LETTER the Forty-seventh.

From the same to the same,

HERE I am, Harriot, busy as
a bee, my head is almost
turned—I told you it was not form-
ed for so much business—going to
my

my aunts, was out of the question, I have taken up my abode with Charles and his fair spouse, whom by the way you will adore,—but remember, I will not give place to a new friend, however worthy, lovely, amiable, and all that, so do not expect it.

We have a house in Albemarle-Street, the same Lord Robert M——, had when in town last winter, as our stay will be so short, my brother has taken it only for a week, for our trip to the Spa, is finally agreed on.

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This is Friday Harriot, and next, the next Thursday, is actually fix'd for my execution, for from that fatal day, your friend Stanhope will be *no more*.

Do not be alarmed child, depend upon it her friendship for you will revive in lady Grey, with *if possible*, additional fervor—so set your heart at rest,—half the nation is invited to the show, by the spiteful Caroline, who is delighted with this opportunity to be revenged.

Harriot

Harriot, she actually torments me from morning till night, by telling me every moment how terrified, how horridly disconcerted and foolish she herself looked, while made the gazing stock of so many impertinent eyes,—yet she goes on racking her wicked brain with recollecting lest she should omit in the list, any one soul of our acquaintance.

We are to have a ball, you may suppose of course, would to heaven it were a masked one, I proposed it, but she would not hear of it.

This is Friday Harriot, and next, the next Thursday, is actually fix'd for my execution, for from that fatal day, your friend Stanhope will be *no more*.

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We are to have a ball, you may suppose of course, would to heaven it were a masked one, I proposed it, but she would not hear of it.

What the deuce, Harriot, can you be fiddling and figetting about, that you do not come to town,—I am positively unable to proceed one step farther without your assistance,—my jewels are superb—but too many of them for any reasonable woman.

I told Sir Harry just now, when he with the most bewitching winning grace presented them to me, that I thought he would have paid me a higher compliment, had he spared his profusion of diamonds, and told me my eyes alone were
suffi-

sufficiently sparkling to render me infinitely more brilliant than any other female, though sinking under a load of finery.

Would you believe it my dear, instead of making any reply to my sensible speech, the man was all the time decorating my arms with a pair of bracelets, not deigning to honour me with the smallest attention, and having finished his task, he gazed at them, and kissed them by turns in such raptures, and with so much violence that I concluded he would destroy both arm and bracelet,

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bracelet before I was again favoured with a fight of either.

To my no small satisfaction, however, they escaped the danger, and I can tell you make no bad figure,—if I ever had any degree of vanity, you know it was the fault of my hand and arm. I own I have been a little guilty on that account, 'tis my favourite beauty, far before a fine face, in my opinion.

Well my dear, our interview with my aunt is over, do not expect a
description

description of the scene, it has cost me tears enough already,—Charles has made a settlement upon her, such as he supposed my uncle, had he lived to put his design in execution, would have done, he also begged she would continue in the house as long as she thought proper, she was too grateful, distressingly so,—but had no occasion for that favour, having determined to quit London for ever.

Her miserable daughter was the next object of our attention,—we sent a card to her, desiring to know
whether

whether a visit from us would be acceptable, or whether she chose rather to call upon us—her answer was, she was not very well, and begged we would do her the *honour* to call upon her when at leisure.

The writing of her billet plainly declared she was either very ill indeed, or violently agitated while composing it, for it was scarce intelligible.—I was exceedingly shocked, and no less agitated than herself at the thoughts of seeing her, the horrid situation into which she had brought herself by her imprudence,

dence, the important, and fatal discovery her mother had made, fatal for her, I mean, made me dread the thoughts of seeing her.

I went however, Lady Carey desired to accompany me—good heavens, what a change in her appearance, her manner, her looks,—yet pride and her natural disposition were still but too visible—her heart is still I fear the same, nor will the greatest obligations, though conferred with all imaginable delicacy, ever, I am persuaded, be able to render it more amiable—she is in absolute
want,

want, she is therefore obliged to behave with a kind of decency to those from whom alone she can expect relief. I feared I should have been softened to the last degree—I had no doubt but it would be a second weeping party.

I was deceived however—the haughtiness of her manner—I know not how, but altogether her behavior did not produce the effect I feared—yet Harriot, at that very moment her husband was in a spunging-house, and had been for several days, from whence he must have gone to goal had we not discharged the debt.—

In

In short, my brother did so—sent for him—desired he would give him an exact list of all he owed in the world—this was no less than two thousand pound—he paid it, and added three thousand more to it, which he saw properly settled upon his hopeful wife.

Brooks, though infinitely grateful for the favour, would yet I believe have been as well if not better pleased had Charles spared that caution—he had not the face however to object to it—so it passed into an act. And thus he is once more at liberty to figure in broad day light—how
long

long he will retain this desirable privilege Heaven knows. I fear the charms of his fair help-mate will never have attractions sufficient to keep him from the gaming-table—home, with such a companion cannot, I confess, be very pleasing—but why then did he make such a choice? true my dear—so let them fight it out the best way they can—bad, very bad, I fancy will be that best.

Lady Carey, as we drove to her house, insisted on my suffering her to ask Mrs. Brooks whether she knew the author of the letter Sir
Harry

Harry received on a certain occasion —'twas with the greatest difficulty I could dissuade her from it: you know asking such a question was in fact taxing her with at least having a hand in the plot—I would not allow it; our curiosity was however in a great measure satisfied on our return home.

I told Sir Harry of her wicked purpose—this revived the subject—we talked it over, and in the course of the conversation discovered, for the first time, that the fair creature who had so kindly confirmed to Sir Harry the contents of that *friendly* epistle,

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epistle, and who gave him so minute an account of all my actions, was no other than Catherine's bosom friend, Miss Frances Brown—whether he did not mention her name to us at Bath, or whether my emotions were then too violent to pay any attention to it, heaven knows; but certain it is, this part of the history was new to me, and pretty clearly convinced us all that we had not injured madam Brooks by our suspicions, for that the plot was contrived between them, to their immortal honour be it spoken —“all nature cries aloud.” We now congratulated ourselves with the agreeable

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greeable reflection that we had done full as much for the amiable Catherine as her merit entitled her to.— So peace be to them—our reproaches are not necessary—she is wretched enough without them.

Adieu *ma chere amie*.—I expect you without fail.—Your's for the last time while

C. STANHOPE.

LET-

192 LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

LETTER the Forty-eighth.

MISS CONWAY,

TO

MISS GRIMSTONE.

Now the happy knot is tied,
Stanhope is a lovely bride.

WE are not in the country—
ringing bells is therefore
out of the question, and the idea
of

of filling bowls is vulgar—So the rest of the song is useless—true indeed my dear, the finest woman in world, in my opinion, has now been a wife no less than four whole days. I wish you had seen her, Jenny, when led to the altar by Sir Harry—in my life I never beheld so striking a sight: he is certainly beyond any thing of the male kind I ever set my eyes on, except Charles Stanhope, *he* ever was, and ever will be the standard of all perfection in my opinion, and so I freely told his blooming sister, who adores him. I asked her just now, which she in her conscience thought the finest

Vol. III. K figure

figure—the most elegant man of the two? “Charles,” replied she, “infinitely the handsomest brother in the world, and my Harry by ten thousand degrees the handsomest husband.” — Sly creature, this answer on a similar occasion satisfied a haughty queen, I could therefore make no objections to it.

Never was there such an assortment of beauty, lady---Carey is a good deal in the style of my friend lady Grey, tall extremely elegant, dresses with the utmost taste, but
has

has not quite so fine a face, nor such a striking gracefulness in her whole appearance,—as for the lovely gentle delicate Charlotte, the happy, supremely happy wife of the divine Stanhope, she is the most engaging little creature you ever beheld in your life,—I remember, Caroline, in one of her letters, said, not to love her, would appear the height of cruelty,—and 'tis really the case, she is so mild, so exceedingly feminine,—does that Jenny convey to you a proper idea of my meaning,--- she is adored by them all, as for

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my Charles,---ah! would to heaven he were,---he lives but in her smiles,--am I not a generous creature to speak of her so impartially, all things considered,---well, but their dress, the ball, the entertainment, a list of the company you cry.

Positively Jenny, I cannot keep my promise,——it was all very fine, very pretty indeed,——what can one say more, I might, 'tis true, tell you that I, even I, child, had my share of flirtation, the beautie's you know were engaged—so the fellows were obliged to take to the agree-

agreeables, and no bad thing neither, let me tell you, nor were they all so well provided for, as the being that fell to my lot,—and a spruce being he was, for a country damsel like your humble servant, I found it here as on many former occasions, that a lively chatty, agreeable girl though no Venus, will ever attract more attention than a merely, pretty face, there were several of these inanimate dolls, here, as there ever must in such numerous meetings, immensely fine,—and immensely stupid,—they danced however, and helped

helped to make up the delightful crowd and bustle of the day,—the greater variety in the piece, the more excellent the picture,—spoken like a *connoisseur*,——we now begin to talk of our jaunt to the Spa, I have got leave from my good folks at home, to be of the joyous, the charming party,—if you behave well, you shall hear of all our *manœuvres*—and what conquests I make amongst the German Princes,—nothing less will gratify my ambition *now*,—there was a time when a captain of dragoons had more charms in my estimation

estimation than all the princes and potentates of the universe together, — *entre nous*, 'tis the case still, but that's nothing to the purpose, — 'tis whispered, he is almost prevailed upon to quit the army, perhaps when no longer decorated with a red coat, and cockade, my heart may be more at ease, these are attractions that require the deuce and all of resolution to withstand, — farewell,

Yours,

HARRIOT CONWAY.

F I N I S.

This Day is Published.

THE
VICISSITUDES
OF
FORTUNE:
OR THE
HISTORY
OF
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